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Select Tale.

LIZZIE CARRINGTON;
OR, THE COQUETTE'S FIRST LESSON.

BY LILLA HERBERT.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAREWELL.

"The following afternoon Lizzie Carrington was sitting in the parlor. Her sisters had gone out with Mrs. Carrington, and the young girl was stationed at the table with a book in her hand, when the door suddenly opened, and Sinclair entered. Lizzie thought there was something unusual in his appearance, and as he advanced toward her he said in a tone of sadness—'Lizzie, I have come to bid you good bye."

"Good bye!" she exclaimed, starting up in surprise—'where are you going, cousin Ernest?"

"Lizzie, have I not often asked you not to call me *cousin* Ernest?"

"Yes, but I will though, for all that—why shouldn't I," she replied pettishly.

"You are unkind, Lizzie, aye, and cruel too."

"*I* cruel—I unkind!" she repeated, holding up her hands in pretended amazement, 'you have lost your manners, sir, and I will not be either so *unkind* or cruel as to listen to you till you regain them." And as she spoke she was about to leave the room, when Ernest caught her hand.

"Lizzie, dear Lizzie," he said, 'stay but for a few minutes, for I have much to say to you."

"Well, then," said she, re-seating herself, and looking in his face with a most provoking smile, 'let us sit down and talk politeness to each other."

"Do not trifle thus, Lizzie!" exclaimed Sinclair, and he rose and paced the room with hasty steps. For a few moments he continued to do so, and then turning to his young companion he said in a voice full of emotion, "Lizzie, listen to me. Since I first beheld you I have loved you—'

"Oh, Ernest!" exclaimed Lizzie, who at the mention of the word 'loved,' had sprung toward the window—'do come and see this Highland soldier, he is something worth looking at. Come, Ernest, pray come!"

"Lizzie Carrington!" and for the first time the young girl was startled at his tones; "I came here to bid you farewell. I shall depart in a few days for Europe, yet one word from your lips might alter my purpose. Shall I go or stay?"

Her lip curled saucily, and she replied in a tone of perfect indifference:—

"Pray, do as you please, sir!"

Alas, poor Lizzie! She was not an adept in the art she had chosen to meddle with, and had not therefore wisdom enough to perceive that she had gone too far.

Ernest Sinclair's cheek was very pale as he now stood beside her, and taking her hand he said, falteringly:

"I leave you, Lizzie. Be kind enough to present my adieus to your family. I cannot do it myself. Farewell!"

He turned away—a light laugh broke from Lizzie's lips, and she exclaimed:—

"Farewell, *cousin* Ernest."

Another instant and he was gone.

Five minutes afterward and Lizzie Carrington left the parlor singing, as she went, 'I'd be a butterfly,' as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened.

"He will come again," murmured Lizzie, as she thought over the affair that night, and her heart reproached her for the part she had acted. 'Of course, he will come again." But when three days passed away and he came not, she began to lose her accustomed cheerfulness and to wish most earnestly that he would return.

"Mary," said Mr. Carrington to his wife on the evening of the fourth day, 'I met my friend Sinclair this afternoon. He seemed to be in great haste, and when I inquired the reason of it, replied that he was to sail in an hour for Europe."

At this announcement the color left Lizzie's face and she became deathly pale, but no one noticed her emotion.

"Gone to Europe!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington, in surprise.

"Gone to Europe!" repeated Miss Jane.

"Gone to Europe!" ejaculated Miss Chloe, with a start of amazement, 'Gone! and without bidding *any* of us farewell!"

"Yes, he has indeed gone, and for some years, too! But surely some of you were aware of his intended departure! He intimated to me that he had bidden farewell to all of you."

Lizzie who by this time had regained her composure, found it necessary to speak.

"Mr. Sinclair was here four days since,' she said, in a low voice. "He told me he was going to Europe, and as no one was at home but myself, he bade me good bye and requested me to deliver his farewell to my sisters. But I had quite forgotten to do so."

Mrs. Carrington fixed her eyes searchingly upon Lizzie's face, but the latter did not observe the close scrutiny to which she was subjected, while Miss Chloe said, as she sailed with a highly offended air toward the door:—

"Very well, Lizzie, I shall remember this thoughtlessness of yours. You need not think that others care as little for their friends as you do." The door was slammed violently to, and the wrathful maiden disappeared.

"What's the matter with Chloe?" asked her brother, with a smile; "Has she given Ernest the mitten, or has he given it to her?—which is it, Lizzie?"

But Lizzie did not reply. She, too, had moved toward the door, and in another instant had left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LESSON.

"Mary, dear, what has happened to distress you thus?" asked Lizzie, in a tone of alarm, as one morning about a month after Sinclair's departure, her sister returned from a walk, and entering the sitting room, seated herself upon a sofa and burst into tears. For some moments Mrs. Carrington was unable to reply, but when she became calmer, she said:—

"Lizzie, Mrs. Hamilton is dead!"

"Dead! That beautiful lady dead—oh Mary!"

Lizzie's soft eyes filled with tears, and for a few seconds there was silence in the room. At length she again spoke.

"When did she die, Mary, and how? I knew not that she was even ill."

"I will tell you all, dearest Lizzie, and may her sad fate be a warning to you. You know how very beautiful she was, Lizzie. Well, that beauty was destined to be her bane. It gave her a strange power over the hearts of others, and she used that power in a way which her Maker had never intended her to. She was a coquette, Lizzie, and the same manner and actions that daily brought new admirers to her feet, also broke a noble heart: a heart that idolized her and whose affection she in secret returned. *He* died and she was miserable ever after; and, though at the earnest request of her family, she gave her hand to the wealthy Mr. Hamilton, her heart was with him who slept in the grave. I had always been her most intimate friend, and to me her thoughts were ever confided. And it was thus that I became acquainted with her mournful history. A few days ago I visited her, and she told me then, with tears in her eyes, that she most bitterly repented her youthful error, and that if years of heart-rending agony could atone for the past, her sin would be forgiven. For three years she had been the wife of Mr. Hamilton, yet during that time, as she assured me, she had never known a happy moment! She then betrayed to me her conviction that she was not long for earth, and bade me, in a hollow voice, for her sake, warn all who were just treading the paths of life to avoid the dangerous way she had once entered. This morning she was found still and cold upon her couch, and a sweet smile—the first one that had dwelt there for a long, long time, rested upon her lips. They called her name and tried to rouse her, but the death-dew was already upon her brow. The death-spirit had been there to set his signet upon that beautiful face!

Oh, Lizzie, if ever *you* feel a disposition to turn from the heart that loves you, I bid you in her name, beware! Rather assume a crown of thornes than wear on *your* brow the wreath of homage offered to the coquette, for there is not a flower composing it that does not contain poison in its bud and an asp in its foliage!"

Heart stricken, and trembling in every limb, the young girl turned from her sister, and any one who had beheld her at that moment, would have been alarmed at the ghastly paleness of that youthful face.

Lizzie Carrington had learned a lesson!

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD FRIEND—THE YELLOW ROSE.

"Oh, the heart that has truly loved n'er forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."
MOORE.

Just five years after the event recorded in the last chapter, all the family of Mr. Carrington save *one* were assembled in the parlor to welcome a stranger, even Ernest Sinclair! More than one well known voice gave him a kindly greeting, but he missed her whose smile was the brightest, and whom he feared, yet longed to behold.

Suddenly the door was unclosed and Lizzie Carrington appeared. How beautiful she was! No longer the childlike girl but the lovely woman, there was a graceful dignity in her step that she had not possessed when Ernest Sinclair had last gazed upon her, and as she advanced toward him, and he once more held that little hand within his own, his heart beat wildly, though his countenance betrayed not the emotions that were inwardly at work. Lizzie's bright face showed not the least semblance of agitation; she, too, had mixed much with the world since they had last met. If she felt anything she had learned concealment, and she now stood before him with the coldness and apparent indifference of a perfect stranger. With a chilled heart Ernest Sinclair turned from the lovely vision, for he was convinced that he had never been beloved by her.

A few minutes after, at the request of her brother, Lizzie was seated at the piano, and her fingers moved lightly and feelingly over the keys as, to a plaintive melody, she sang the following:—

Forgive me, forgive me, the error is past,
Oh, say that thine anger for aye will not last,
And breathe forth the strains of affection once more,
That beautiful heart-dream, oh, let me live o'er!

Forgive me, forgive me, and never again,
Will I cause thee a moment of grief or of pain,
I know I have wounded, I suffer, forgive,
And let not my words on thy memory live.

Forgive me, forgive me, nay turn not away,
Can my lip wear a smile, can my heart e'er be gay,
If so cold is thy glance, if so stern is thine eye?
Forgive me, forgive me, forgive or I die.

Why did Sinclair start and gaze so eagerly upon the face of the singer? Could it be? But no! Not the least trace of emotion was visible there, and he again turned from her in disappointment as he said to himself, 'she is still a coquette, and yet she might have chosen a more appropriate song, if it were only in consideration of the feelings of one who has loved her too well.' And Ernest strove, but in vain, to still the throbbings of a heart that yet worshiped her, when that worship was a source of naught but misery.

"And now, Ernest, it is your turn to favor us with a little music;" and Henry Carrington handed his friend a guitar, his favorite instrument. Sinclair hesitated a single instant, and then he took the guitar. His hand swept with spirit over the chords—in a fit of pique he sang:—

Your coldness I heed not,
Your frown I defy,
Your affections I need not,
The time has gone by
When a flush or a smile on that cheek could beguile
My soul from its safety with witchery's wile.

Then, lady, look kindly,
Or frown on me still,
No longer all blindly,
I yield to thy will,
Too tightly you drew the light reins of command
And your victim is free, for they broke in your hand.

He ceased—and loud applause was showered upon him by every voice but one Lizzie alone was silent, and Ernest did not raise his eyes to her face, or he would have been struck with the expression of deep suffering that rested upon it.

During the evening the conversation turned upon flowers, and Henry Carrington, eager to let Sinclair view some rare exotics that he had lately purchased, commissioned his sister Lizzie as the young man's guide.

Silently she led the way—she would have given worlds to have escaped, but fate had ordained it otherwise. They entered the conservatory, and Lizzie pointed out the flowers to which her borther had referred, leaving Sinclair to inspect them while she proceeded to collect for him a small bouquet, for which he had expressed a wish.

"I must examine my bouquet and interpret its language if it be possible," said Ernest, as she presented it to him. As he spoke he held up a book which he found lying upon a stand near. Its title was, 'The language of flowers.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'here are some of my floral favorites: heliotrope, which signifies 'I trust in thee;' myrtle, 'love;' white-rosebud, 'the heart that knows not change;' rose geranium, 'preference;' yellow rose—what is a yellow rose the emblem of? let me discover," and he turned over the leaves of the book. At length he paused and read:—

"The yellow rose—the symbol of coquetry. Here are some lines beneath," and he read them also:—

"Heed not her sigh
'Tis falsehood's breath!
Trust not her eye—
Belief is death!
A serpent's coil
Thy strength may burst,
No power can foil
Her snares accurst!"

"Nay!" he exclaimed, 'were the flower a thousand times fairer, I would not care to possess it." In another instant he had thrown the rose upon the floor, placed his foot upon it and crushed it; and as he did so, Lizzie Carrington fell lifeless at his feet!

"Lizzie, dearest Lizzie, forgive me!" exclaimed Sinclair, as he knelt down and raised her in his arms. But she answered not, her eyes were closed and her cheek was ashy pale.

Wildly he bent over that drooping form, murmuring broken words of love and pressing passionate kisses upon her forehead. At length the color came slowly back to her cheek; she opened her eyes and, leaning her head upon her companion's shoulder, burst into tears.

"Look up, sweet Lizzie, look up, beloved," said Sinclair, in a voice of extreme tenderness, 'and say that you forgive me for being so cruel."

"Oh, Ernest! rather let me ask your pardon for all that passed between us years ago. Forgive me, dearest Ernest, and if a heart that has ever been devoted to you can atone for the past, it is yours."

At that moment the door was softly unclosed, and sister Chloe peeped in! One glance was sufficient. The door was closed as silently as it had been opened, and Chloe walked away, muttering as she went, sundry observations upon decorum, which had they reached the ears of those for whom they were intended, would undoubtedly have stricken them with remorse.

There was a wedding a few months after at the house of our friend Henry Carrington. The bride was his sister Lizzie, and the bridegroom—guess who it was, dear reader.

What 'Sam' Means.

Everybody has read of the peregrinations in this country, recently, of an eccentric individual whom the newspapers denominate 'Sam.' It is evident that this mysterious personage is an indefatigable politician, and very fond of visiting the polls.

We have been puzzled for a long time to fix his identity—to discover whether he was Sam Houston, Uncle Sam, or some foreign gentleman of distinction, who had travelled along. A few days since we asked a prominent Know Nothing—a learned doctor—to explain the mystery, and he expressed his readiness to comply with our request. Whether he has done so in good faith or not we cannot say, but here is his explanation, which at least, is ingenious and remarkable:

'Sam,' he says, takes his name from the initial letters of the following formular:

'*Septentionalis Americæ Magister*,' that is to say, S. A. M. means 'Master of North America.'

If this is not the true reading of the riddle, it is good enough to be true. It seems to imply that the aforesaid Sam is the 'coming man' of the United States whose rule no one shall gainsay. Perhaps however, he is come already, or perhaps he is only 'coming to come.'—*N. O. Delta.*

What Constitutes Riches.

We are indebted to a friend in Washington city for the following very forcible illustration of 'what constitutes riches.'—We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic:

'To be rich,' said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:

'While I was Governor of the State of New York,' said he, 'I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?"

I replied that was my name.

'Bill Marcy?' said he.

I nodded assent.

'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?'

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremulous force; 'I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out sartain. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?'

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport.—Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose?'

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in:—

'Oh! yes you are; I know you are rich! no use denying it. You was Comptroller—for a long time; and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something.'

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"O, yes," said he; "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say, I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State."

"And so you have made a good thing out of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, and as he seemed so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash!" And he was rich, for he was satisfied.—*Knick. Magazine.*

A RASCAL.—Some years ago a noted warrior of the Pottowattamie tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chiefs of his village, observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indians, that he was a good man and a very good American, and concluding with a request for a dram of whisky.—The agent replied that it was not his practice to give whiskey to good men—that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when voluntarily offered.—That it was bad Indians only who demanded whiskey. 'Then,' replied the Indian, quickly, in broken English, "me rascal."

Onward and Upward.

The course of the American cause is onward and upward. The true American sentiment will prevail in defiance of political hacks and venal partizan papers. It is a powerful magnet that draws the great body of the people around it. The true American cause is not a crusade upon men on account of their birth-place. The true American pays the proper homage to genius whether it first saw light in the Highlands of Scotland, on quays of Dublin, in the work-house of England, the cottage of the French or German peasant, or within sight of the Vatican at Rome. He respects the man, wherever born; but he claims the truth of the principle that the Frenchman is the best calculated to govern France, the Englishman England, the Irishman Ireland, and the Scotchman Scotland, the German Germany the Italian Italy, and the American America. This is what the true American claims and this claim he will maintain to the last moment of his existence. While he firmly maintains this political creed, he extends the right hand of fellowship to the whole world, and is ready to shelter the oppressed and down-trodden of all lands, but not to feed their paupers and criminals.

The true American knows that, hereafter, God will not inquire on what side of a mountain a man was born. He will not judge men by their birth-place, but by their acts. His sacred word, the political text-book of the American people, teaches us that Moses was better qualified to govern the people of Israel than Pharaoh: so does Wisdom teach us that Americans are better qualified so govern America than Foreigners. The American people, therefore, have not built their house upon the sand but upon a rock that will withstand the billows of foreign influence and political corruption, and their course will continue to go onward and upward as long as one heart remains to throb at the mention of the name of the great leader who led the American people up out of the land of bondage, through a sea of blood, into the land of liberty. As long as the name of WASHINGTON lives, so long will Americans cherish and perpetuate his principles—the principles of the American party. They will never cease to love God and their native land.—*America's Own.*

He Would Peep.

Joe Dovetail had a wife, a strong minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as a lady did her husband on the North River Steamboat, who ventured to object to some arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly, by telling him in the hearing of a dozen passengers:—

'Why, what is that to you? If I had known you were a-going to act so, I would not have brought you along.'

But to return to Joe and Mrs. Dovetail. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar had he become with that retreat, it was a question whether in default of personal service, a warning to a military training, would hold him unless under that bed, as being his 'last usual place of abode.' During the stay of Mrs. Joe's friends, he occasionally thrust out his figure-head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till growing valiant and desperate, he at last sang out—'My dear, you may shake your head just as much as you please, but I tell you as long as I have got the *the spirit of a man, I will peep!*"

CLAY WHIGS.—It is a little remarkable that men should appeal to the prejudices of Clay Whigs against Mr. Chase, when the great issue between parties relates to a measure consumated by Clay, with which his fame is intimately identified, which Chase sought to maintain inviolate, and which his supporters now seek to restore. We are a Clay Whig, and it is because we are a Clay Whig, that we would sustain Chase in his glorious opposition to the repeal of that compromise which was one of the chief monuments to Clay's memory. Of all other men, Clay Whigs should, in this crisis, be the friends of Chase.—*Logan Gazette.*

☞ Questions of moment require deliberate answers.

A Warning to America and Americans.

Miss Anna Ella Carroll, of Maryland, has commenced the publication of a book in the New York Crusader, under the title of 'A Warning to America and Americans.' The Express says Miss Carroll is connected with the old and honored Carroll family of Maryland: with Charles Carroll who signed the Declaration, and with the respected Archbishop Carroll, who fondly hoped to see his church independent of Rome, and who, we judge, had he lived, would never have submitted to the impositions of the papacy as practised in the present day. Miss Carroll, in introducing her book to the public, and which, we hope, will do great good in a noble cause, respectfully alludes to her Roman Catholic ancestors, and gives her reasons for entering upon the work of addressing the public in behalf of her country and the Protestant religion, and thoroughly imbued with the American spirit, Miss C. dedicates her book to the President of the American party, to whom she says:

"You then can permit the delicate hand of woman to assist in the culture of the vine and the olive, which flourishes only on the soil of freedom; and to resist the attempt now industriously being made to supplant the laural by the cypress, the sassafras and hickory by the palm-tree and shittim wood!'

Courting Scene.

'Ah, Suke! you are sich a slick gal. Heigho!"

'La! ain't you ashamed, Jonathan?'

'I wish I was a ribbin, Suke!"

'Why for, hey?'

'Cos, may be you'd tie me round that are nice neck of yours, and I should like to be, darned if I shouldn't.'

'O, la! there comes mother. Run!'

'No. 2.—Ah, Jonathan! I heard somethin' about you.'

'La, now, Suke! you don't say so?'

'Yes, indeed, that I did, and a great many said it, too.'

'La, now! what was it, Suke?'

'O, dear, I can't tell you.' [Turning away her head.]

'O, la! do now.'

'O, no! I can't.'

'O, yes, Suke!'

'La, me, Jonathan! you do pester a body so.'

'Well, do please to tell me, Suke.'

'Well, I heard that——O, I can't tell you!'

'Ah, yes!' come now, do.' Taking her hand.]

'Well, I didn't say it, but I heard that'———

What?' [Putting an arm around her waist.]

'O, don't squeeze me so. I heard that—that'—turning her blue eyes full upon Jonathan's—'that you and I were to be married, Jonathan.'

Head 'em or Die.

The richest thing that has recently eminated from any political body is the pupplished resolutions of the Democratic Committee of Stark County, as adopted at their meeting on the 28th ult. Read them and see the ridiculous figure they cut on paper.

"Whereas, Certain office holders in this county having been elected by the Democracy, to wit: U. T. Feather, Treasurer, W. F. Evans, Prosecuting Attorney, Peter Chance, Recorder; and Leander Anderson, Clerk, have, since their election; united themselves with the so called Know Nothing association, and some of whom are now seeking a nomination from said dark-lantern order, therefore,

Resolved, That we regard it as our duty to thus officially notify the Democracy of Stark county of the base ingratitude and treachery of the above named officers.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Democracy the propriety of exposing the traitorous conduct of the above named deserters, on all proper occasions, so as to prevent them from practicing any further deception upon honest men.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of each Central Committee man to guard the polls at the Democratic Primary meetings, from any improper voting.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Stark County Democrat.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

J. J. HOFMAN, *President.*
J. G. MORSE, *Secretary.*

A few moments of divine sweetness in secret prayer is an antidote to any sorrow or trouble.